(To Mrs. A. Hindley)

### BARROWFORD

MILTON ALLAN Moderato pastorale tranquillo Bar-row-ford! Bar-row-ford! that's the spot where I dwell, In an old fash-ioned Bar-row-ford! Bar-row-ford! by mea-dow and mill, And the sweet chim-ing Bar-row-ford! Bar-row-ford! ev - er hon-oured shall be, Where old Pen-dle looks cot, with the folks I love well, Where the birds sing at morn, in the bells at the church on the hill, There's a charm and a peace, that will down, our the Vale of Rough-lee, Child-hood days I re-call, and con-Dal. 8 water-fall lulis me to sleep. tall trees that meet, And the mus-ic of the mem-o-ries, live in my heart. de-part, And a store of happy love so well-therelet me die. I sigh, In the vil-lagethat I -tent-ed Dal. 8



# BONNY RUTH OF SAWLEY



## COLDWEATHER HILL

MILTON ALLAN



To Constance Carrodus MILTON ALLAN (of Extwistle Hall) Moderato . God rest a dear la-dy who Tranquillo Pastorale ro-mance so Where clear moorland wa-ters down green val-leys flow. lived long a - go Hall. Ex-twist-le ten-der I oft times re - call The days o' Fair A - lice of sweet coun-try Her smile was en - chanting and bright shone her een, court-ed The lad that she queen, grace of a maid - en tenuto





### EXTWISTLE HALL.



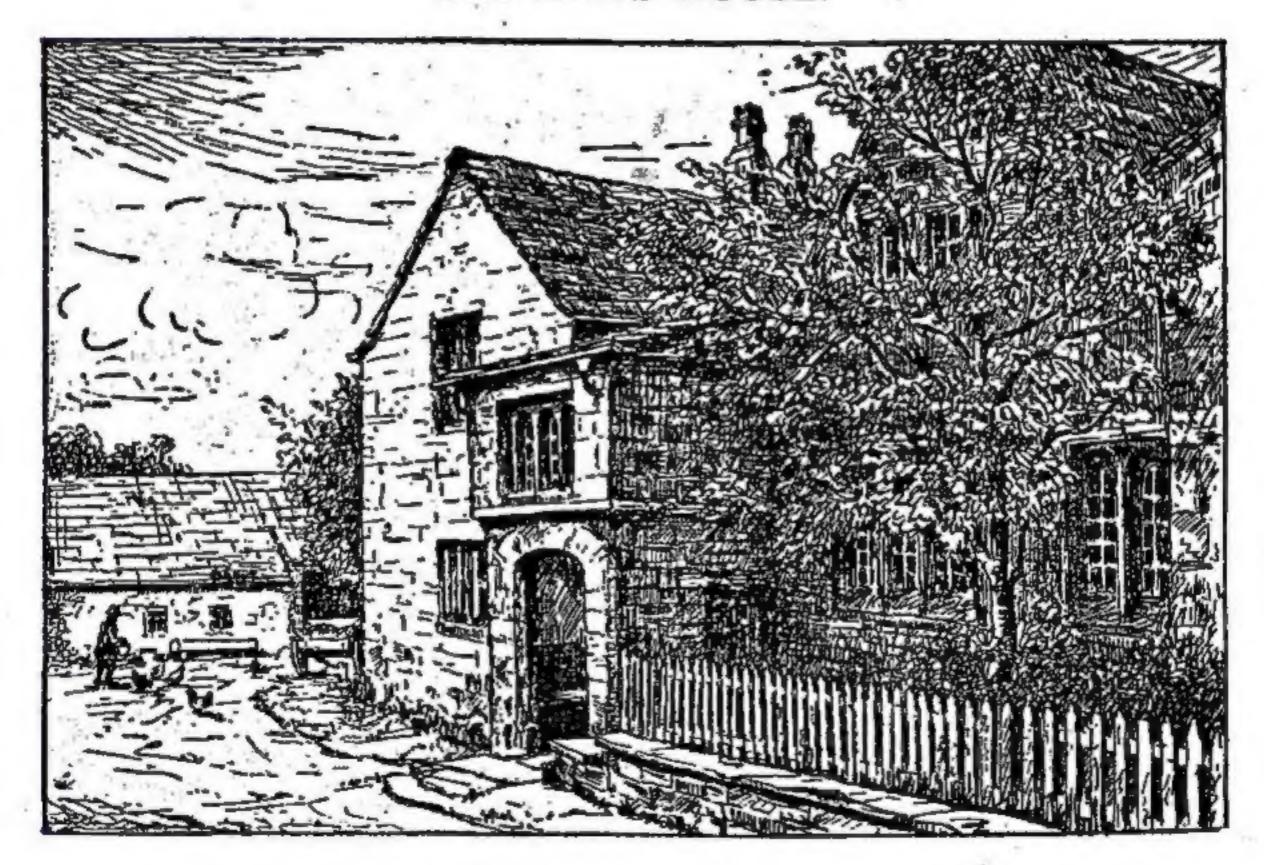
Scene of the novel by the late J. W. Kneeshaw (Burnley) on which the song is founded.

HURSTWOOD





### SPENSER'S HOUSE.



Spenser's House, Hurstwood, is uniquely interesting as the home for four centuries (1300-1700) of the family of the poet, Edmund Spenser.

"And fast beside there trickled softly downe,"
A gentle stream, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones and made a sowne
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay."

(The Faerie Queene).

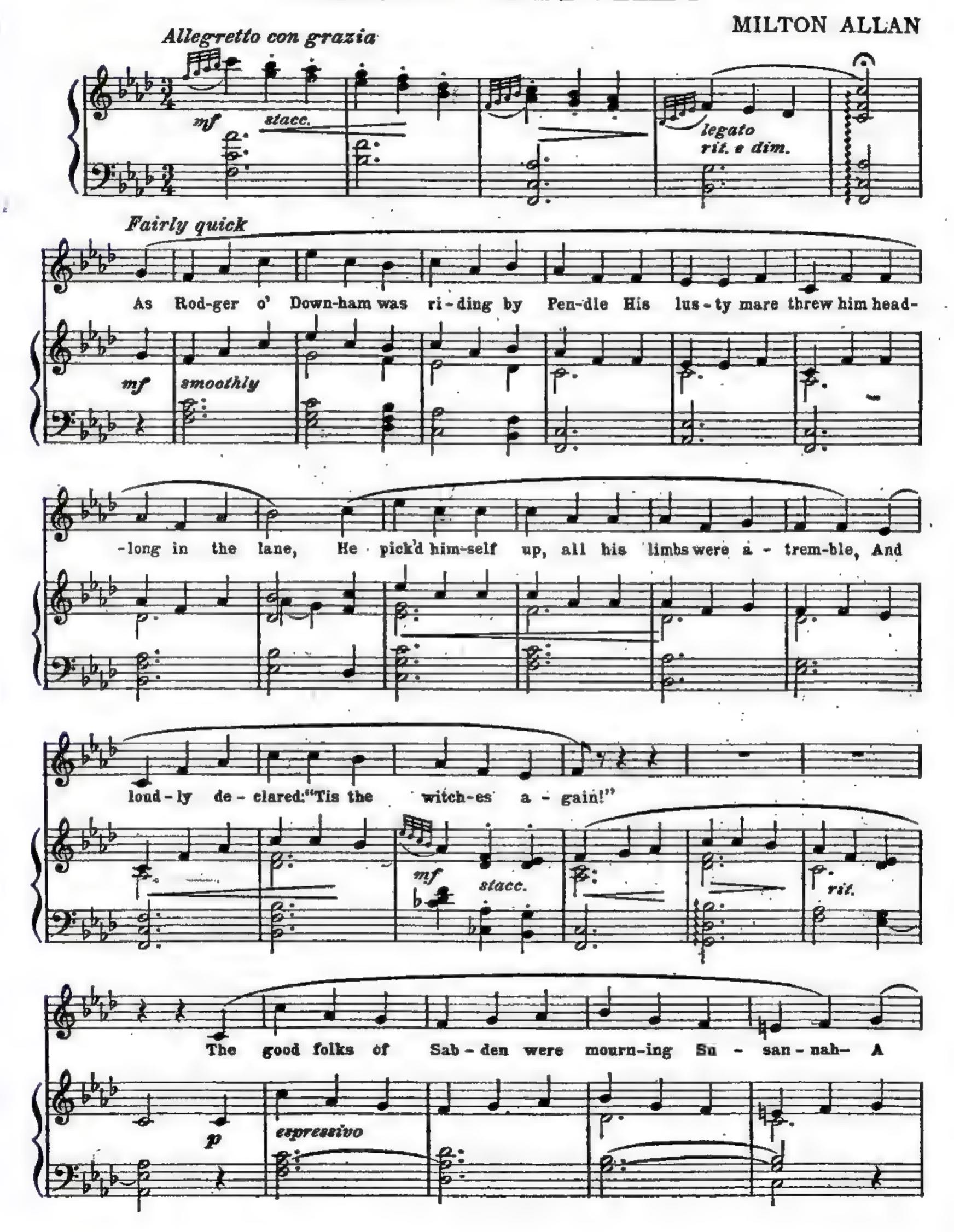
## OLD PENDLE

MILTON ALLAN





## PENDLE WITCHES







#### PENDLE WITCHES



### ROUGHLEE HALL.



Roughlee, a gem in the heart of Witchland! The everlasting hills surround and caress in their mighty yet tender embrace this historic village. One traces but little of the rush of life in this secluded spot, but finds much of its sacred hush. To one wearied of the persistent din of the town there is something sweet and soothing in the whole scene, where love and simplicity delight to dwell.





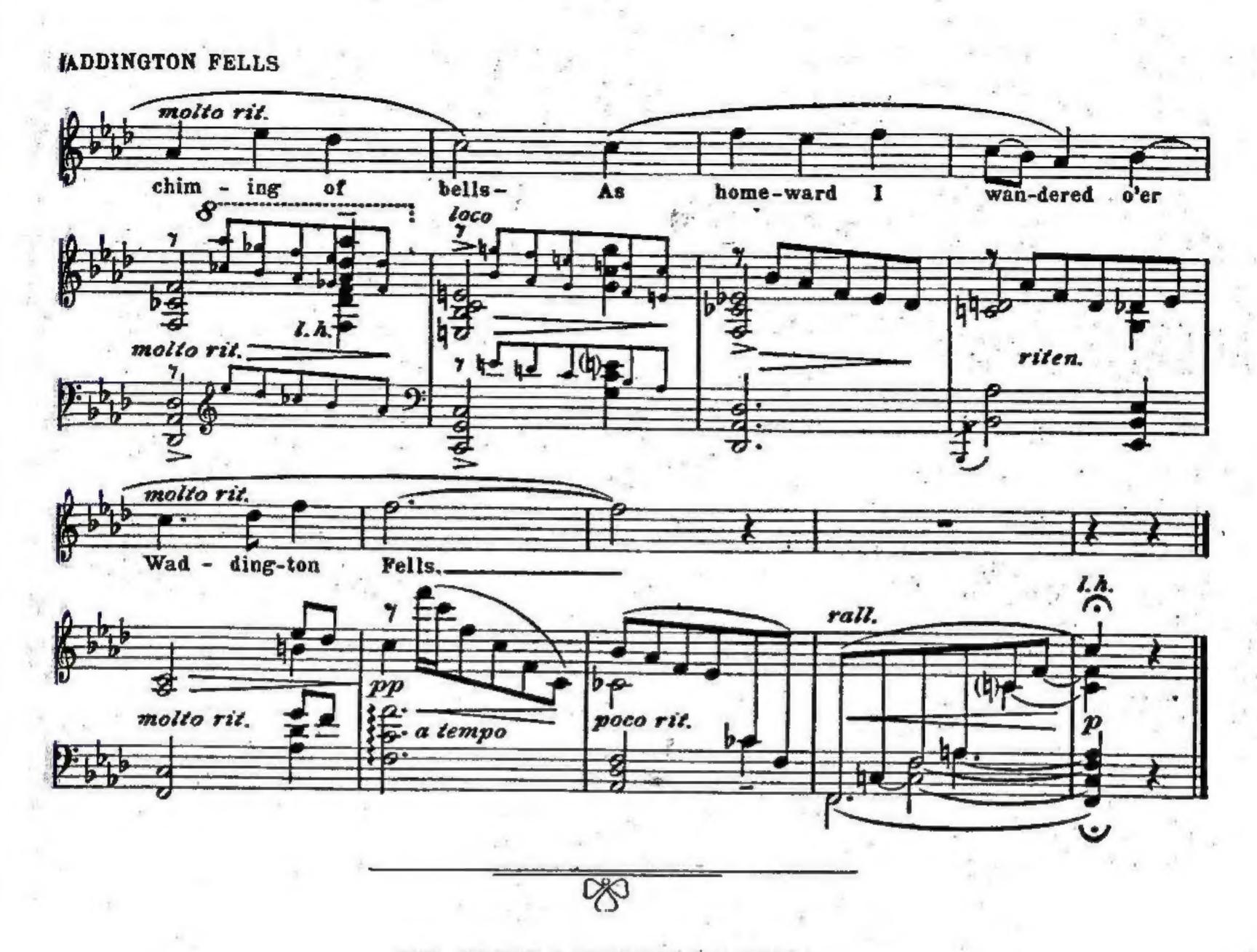
Wi't' pack on mi back, be it sunshine or rain,
Aw calls at each cottage by meadow an' lane;
Theer's owd fooak an' young fooak, some bold an' some shy
An' mebbe they'll want nowt, an' mebbe they'll buy.

Yo'll oft 'ear mi cry when Aw've 'summat to sell, I' Whalley an' Clithera, Daahn'am as well, Fine laces an' ribbons an' trinkets Aw bring To set country lasses adancing i' Spring!

Aw jogs up to th' Newkirk an' daahn to th' Roughlee, An' theer Aw've a sweetheart an' it's nobbut three! Shoo's bonnier net flaaers abloomin' i' May—Aw bides on it kisses at th' end o' the day!







YE OLDE MOORCOCK INNE



(One of Pendle's famous hostelries).

Extending over the country to the north west of Pendle, that stretch of moors known as Waddington Fells is characteristic of the upland charm of this corner of Pendleland